

THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER.

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Raleigh, N. C.

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We want intelligent correspondents in every county in the State. We want facts of value, and a little experience of value, plainly and briefly told. One solid, demonstrated fact, is worth a thousand theories.

The editor is not responsible for the views of correspondents.

RALEIGH, N. C., JUNE 8, 1897.

This paper entered as second-class matter at the Post Office in Raleigh, N. C.

The Progressive Farmer is the Official Organ of the N. C. Farmers' State Alliance

Do you want your paper changed to another office? State the one at which you have been getting it.

Our friends in writing to any of our advertisers will favor us by mentioning the fact that they saw the advertisement in THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER.

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"I am standing now just behind the curtain, and in full glow of the coming sunset. Behind me are the shadows on the track, before me lies the dark valley and the river. When I mingle with its dark waters I want to cast one lingering look upon a country whose government is of the people, for the people, and by the people."—L. L. Polk, July 14th, 1890.

N. R. P. A.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

They put Broker Chapman in jail because he was true to his trust—the Sugar Trust.

It has been decided that the peanut is not a nut at all, but a pea with a shell on. Most other peas are in the same fix. Science is wonderful.

The bankers' panic continues to get in its work. Five New York banks are about to consolidate. They say they must reduce expenses, "business being poor." Good for them.

Broker Chapman says he is enjoying his confinement in the Washington City jail. Criminals don't always brag about it that way, but they frequently continue their criminal career and get in again. Probably the broker will land in jail again before many moons.

Rev. A. G. Harrison, pastor of the People's Tabernacle, Washington, D. C., a sound money preacher, no doubt, has decamped with about \$9,000 church funds and borrowed money. He wants every dollar to be "as good as every other dollar," and we suppose the money he carried off is that kind.

The New York Times is sure that a "sound banking currency will be successful." Of course it will—for the bankers. Place a man in a ten-acre lot with a barrel of water and plenty of ice and he will not get thirsty; but if other people have to depend upon him for a supply they may be disappointed. Same way with the bankers and their "sound currency"

The rapist fares badly north of Mason and Dixon's line as well as south of it. At Urbana, Ohio, Friday morning, Charles Mitchell, a notorious negro, was lynched for an assault upon Mrs. Eliza Gaumer. He was tried in court and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment. But when the sheriff attempted to take the fiend to the penitentiary a mob interfered. The militia fired into the mob, killing two men and wounding six dangerously. But the mob finally conquered and secured the negro, hanging him in the jail yard and riddling his body with bullets. Indignation ran so high that the sheriff and captain of the military company had to secretly leave and go to Cincinnati to save their lives.

GOLDBUG PROSPERITY.

The prosperity, now being so generously dispensed throughout the land by the gold owners, bond buyers and trusts, is a fair specimen of a government of, by and for the monopolists. Perhaps they are enjoying it.

It reminds us of the Irishman's horse. He said: "The ould mare is perfect but fer wan exception," said Pat, Mike—"An' what is that?" If yez lick her fer balkin' er bitin' she'll kick like a soon or a gun," replied Pat.

This era of prosperity is as near perfect as you will ever find. And Congress is sitting around fanning itself while Rome burns.

HUMORISTS WANTED.

The Mobile Register thinks we are about to run short of humorists. Bill Nye is dead, Mark Twain cannot last much longer. Of course we still have Chas. B. Lewis, "M. Quad," one of the most versatile writers in the lot. We have many funny writers, witty paragraphers and punsters, and some excellent cartoonists who can portray the ludicrous in a creditable way. But there is a woeful shortage of genuine humorists. Bill Arp still entertains his admirers; but he, too, is getting old. There is an opening for a thorough, all-around humorist who can "drive dull care away," in fact—several of them. The right man, or men, can make a fortune. Let the new star appear.

The Register modestly nominates "Squire Rufus Sanders," of Alabama, for the position. Sanders has quite a fine local reputation. His yarns are quaint and original, and there is a vein of real humor all through everything he writes, though it seems that he has succumbed to the panic, for we have not noticed anything from his pen lately. If Rufus wants fame, let him come forth and earn it in the usual way. His ability has never been sneezed at, except by lay fever sufferers, and they ought to apologize.

Humor consists largely of exaggeration, the art of writing the ridiculous in a serious strain. Most of the gold-bug editors ought to score well in a competition for honors, but they generally play to empty houses. Eli Perkins was considered a funny writer and lecturer some years ago. But he fell into evil ways and published a little book on the money question. Eli used the usual arguments in support of the gold standard, i. e., that the way to make money plentiful was to quit making any at all; that many business failures were evidences of prosperity, etc., and so he fell from the lofty pedestal of fame to the level of other common liars and will never be heard of again. Humorists are expected to prevaricate, but when they get down in the dirt to plain lying about things that affect the people's pocket-books, they will be sat upon.

WORK FOR ALLIANCEMEN.

Owing to the busy season and other causes, we fear there has been but little activity in many of the Sub Alliances lately. No matter how good the reasons may have been, this condition of affairs should not be continued. Every Sub-Alliance should meet at least once or twice a month and keep up the interest and seek to perpetuate the good work already started. While there has been much to discourage us all, there is much to encourage. We have not accomplished as much so far as we hoped to do, nor have the material benefits appeared as rapidly as the impatient ones expected them to come. But the Alliance has been a gigantic power for good, and will continue to be unless we falter just as the gold appears in sight. Alliance education has laid the foundation for a new era in government. It has built and is building schools and colleges. It has induced people to read and think, to meet together and discuss matters directly affecting the welfare of the farmer. The new issues so important in the affairs of government were born in Alliance halls. But few of them have been enacted into law as yet. In fact, the Alliance membership has never been large enough to force their adoption, for the word "force," as harsh as it sounds, may be properly used here, for no set of politicians will enact good laws, laws for the benefit of all the people, unless they are "forced" to do so. A new party will soon become corrupt and prove treacherous; unless the politicians know that their very existence depends upon carrying out their promises. But, as we said above, the issues were born in Alliance halls. Alliance speakers, newspapers and writers have kept the issues before the public until hundreds of thousands of people who never belonged to the Alliance, who are not eligible under the Constitution, have embraced the principles and the leaven is still working. The ablest magazine writers are now, many of them, at least, thorough Alliance men. But if we lag in the work, if we do not continue to defend our principles in an organized way, those who would come to our assistance will become disheartened. Then, too, many young men are growing up. They should be taken into the Alliance as fast as they come of proper age and taught to defend the principles their parents have battled for so long.

In a financial way the Alliance has had a checkered career. Money has been lost in many sections on co-operative stores and other enterprises, and some individuals have suffered in that way. But, as a whole, the Order has been a success. Millions of dollars have saved the farmers of the South in the successful fight against the Bagging Trust. Millions more were saved later, last year, in the successful fight against

the Tie Trust, and the prospect now is that we will get cotton ties cheaper even than before the trust was organized, tariff or no tariff. The fight against other trusts have not been so successful, owing to the fact that we cannot get directly at them, but we have kept them in a state of fear and they have hardly gouged us as deeply as they would have done but for the dread of Alliance onslaughts. Everybody ought to be grateful to the Alliance for this, for nearly everything is controlled by trusts.

The State Business Agencies have been of incalculable benefit. This is especially true of the North Carolina Agency. Owing to the increasing hard times these benefits have not had due consideration, for many will say: "I have harder work to make both ends meet now than I did five or more years ago." But, my brother, without the stopping of these leaks, which may have been but a few dollars saved to you each year, but which are so much in the aggregate, you would have found times even harder than they have been.

Get your neighbors together and take more interest in your Sub-Alliance meetings. Continue to read and induce others to read papers that advocate Alliance reforms. Take a pride in it, devote a little time and energy to it, and you will eventually be well paid for all you do. Think of your children, who may live long after you, and try to make this "a government of, for and by the people."

BE DEFINITE.

While the political skies are not very bright, yet to the experienced onlooker there are some encouraging signs. One of these is the perceptible decrease in the number of parties that are trying to "straddle the fence."

People are getting tired of dilly-dallying and shrewd evasions of direct questions. They show their respect for the man that is honest enough to stand up for his convictions, and the man who does not will eventually have to take a back seat in the political arena, as well as in the business world. By parties and party leaders these facts are beginning to be realized, and they are acting accordingly.

The two old parties took a much more definite stand on the silver question last year than in 1892. While the result was not very encouraging to silverites when viewed in a certain light, there were some indications of the coming revolution. For twelve years, the two old parties have alternately shared the fruits of victory. This indicates unrest, doubt, and uncertainty on the part of the voters. They are inquiring why the promised relief does not come and they demand a definite and truthful answer. They are not tied to any one party, because their replies are vague and equivocal. The old fable about the negro who did not know where he was going, but desired information from his runaway steer on that point, is becoming less and less applicable to the majority of American voters. They are not following blind party lead, and though they may not for a while yet find the solution to these vital questions, they are not resting. They are searching for it.

And though, as we have stated, the Republican party took a decided and unquestionable stand, for the gold standard, last year, yet when they were asked how prosperity would result from such a course, they were rather taken aback. Their indefinite replies remind us of a little incident.

There once lived near us a man, who prided himself, apparently, in the use of long and elegant phrases and words, however little he knew of their meaning. He sold some wine occasionally and a schoolmate of ours once ventured to inquire what quantity he sold daily.

"Well," he replied, with—suppose—an air of profound learning: "I sell on an average more or less every day."

The gentleman in question, thought with these choice phrases he was expressing his ideas very definitely, but in reality our comrade left no wiser than before. Replies of this inexplicit nature have been palmed off on the people for several years—several years too long. They are beginning to inquire "Whither are we drifting?" and they demand no ambiguous answer.

Let President McKinley and Secretary Gage come to the stand and answer these and a few other pointed questions. The people are waiting and listening. Perhaps they can throw a little light on the situation.

The "address to the People's Party" issued by the populist senators and representatives in congress says there "must be concentrated action and an avoidance of all entangling alliances to insure success." A careful perusal of the address would impress a "true blue" Populist with the idea that it was issued in the interest of a continuance of the present "entangling alliance"—judging from our own impression.—Tulare Valley Citizen.

THE DISAPPEARING RED MAN.

One of the darkest spots upon the history of the American people is their treatment of the Red Man. Not content with wresting the land from him in early colonial days, they now continue their depredations, and if the wronged Indians make protest the government orders out a terrible band of well armed soldiers upon the defenceless but chivalric "savages."

The newspapers, in upholding the martial murderers, say the Indians are the aggressors, but we believe that in nine cases out of ten if the Indians were treated fairly there would be no bloodshed.

Now comes a dispatch from Denver stating that the Cheyennes are on the war path. Troops are after them. If we were in the Indian's position, we might occasionally put on the war paint and hunt scalps, too.

OCCONEECHEE.

"Headquarters for the best, only," is the way the proprietor of Occoneechee farm, in Orange county, advertises, and those who view the farm and see everything thereon, are ready to believe it.

The writer and about seven hundred others spent a day there last week. Col. J. S. Carr, the astute business man, has a big heart, and he has issued a standing invitation to all the Sunday schools in the State to picnic there. Two train loads, one from Raleigh and one from Durham, were there last Thursday. They sat on the grass and trampled over the beautiful fields of growing crops, rode in Col. Carr's vehicles, rode his ponies, all without a word of complaint from Col. Carr. Many even tried to catch his fish in the Eno river, which runs through the farm, but the damage in that direction can easily be repaired.

Occonechee is probably the finest farm in North Carolina. The land has been brought to a high state of cultivation, the buildings are models of elegance and convenience. "The best only" is to be seen. Col. Carr has many fine horses. His herd of registered Jersey cows is large and of the best blood. Then his place is "head quarters for the best, only," of hogs, sheep, chickens, ducks, pea fowls, pigeons, bees—in fact nearly everything known on the farm. Occonechee butter has a wide reputation, and the dairy business has grown to large proportions.

Col. Carr has spent a mint of money on his farm, and now that he is fully prepared to furnish the public with "the best only" in the way of blooded horses, cattle, poultry, etc., we hope that our farmers will patronize and encourage home industry and stock their farms with improved breeds. It will pay them to do so.

A HAPPY EDITOR.

The editor of the Warrenton Record is still putting on style. A young lady recently gave him a loaf of bread, and he has been shying at everything along the roadside ever since. To cap the climax, the Record man's son found some money the other day, and now the Record is advertising for the owner thereof. Doubtless he will charge a liberal price for the ad. when the owner identifies the stuff. Just how the Record man knew it was money, he does not state. The average North Carolina editor don't see money often enough to be able to recognize it, and it may be that what he thinks is money will turn out to be boarding house biscuit or buckwheat cakes.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

No 1.
Reporter.—"Here, a headline for this at once! John M. McJones stole \$250 at Turner's department store yesterday."

New Editor.—"All right. Here it is. 'A Vile Thief Plies his Nefarious Calling at Turner's—The Wretch will Doubtless be Caught and Severely Punished—Police Hard at Work—The Villain!'"

Reporter.—"Hold! Hold! You're as green as grass. I'll bet you get fired."

New Editor.—"Why—er—what is it?"

Reporter.—"Why, McJones is old Moneybag's cousin and a leading light in society."

New Editor.—"Oh, yes, yes. This is it: 'The Highly Respectable Mr. McJones the Victim of Kleptomania—Much Sympathy Expressed from all Quarters—No Prosecutions—He Says he Regrets the Occurrence.'"

And the Manager came down, read the headline and raised the new editor's salary.

No 2.

Jail Official.—"Here, I understand we're to have a new 30 day prisoner here soon, John Chapboy is his name. Go down, and fix a cell."

Servant.—"John Chapboy! Er—er d'you know him?"

Jail Official.—"No. You go fix a cell as I tell you. Theft—the villain, he

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ought to be miserable. Why don't you go?"

Servant.—"Er—er—beg pardon—but er—er—Chapboy's a broker—rich, sir."

Jail Official.—"Oh, yes, yes. Of course, I meant to have a little finery in the cell, er—carpets, cigars, lounges, &c. We mustn't er—er—ruin the poor fellow's constitution. Of course, he'll pay me for them when he arrives."

GOTHAM PROSPERITY.

The Wall street wave of prosperity is assuming cyclonic proportions in New York City. For sometime the suicides have averaged more than one a day, and a large per cent. of them—nearly all—are directly traceable to financial difficulties. The record was increased on the 2nd inst., when two men quit this world of trouble by taking carbolic acid and the third made an effort, but failed. Another used laudanum. Another drank horse liniment sufficient to end his existence. A policeman shot himself on account of domestic trouble. A lady killed herself on account of her daughters' downfall, probably due to financial trouble. A man hanged himself in the cellar. A Chinaman took opium, and an aged lady on Long Island quit earth after drinking a bottle of laudanum. The attention of our law makers is respectfully called to the good times they have not given the country, and how it is affecting some of the people.

GOV. RUSSELL TO AN EDITOR.

The State Executive Gives the Newspaper Man Some Information—And Then the Newspaper Keeps Mum.

Some weeks ago the North Carolina Christian Advocate commented on the "99 year lease" in such a manner as to indicate that that paper leaned to the position of the Southern Railway on the lease question. Governor Russell saw the comment and then wrote the editor a letter with a request that he would publish it. Nothing was heard from the editor for some days. After a lapse of time he was asked about the Governor's letter. His reply, in substance, was that it had not been published because it was not the policy of the paper to deal with such matters as the letter referred to. This was a peculiar reply—a reply of course which the editor of the Advocate had a perfect right to make—but nevertheless peculiar; for the paper assumed the right to "deal with such matters" when it advocated the claims of a big monopoly, but could not assume that right when a presentation of facts unfavorable to the monopoly was involved. The Governor's letter was as follows:

RALEIGH, March 29, 1897.

To the Editor of the North Carolina Christian Advocate, Greensboro, N. C.:

DEAR SIR:—When a paper like yours, representing a high moral standard takes a position against the material interests of the State and puts its opposition on moral grounds, I am disposed to ask that you listen to a reply in behalf of the people of the State. The substance of your contention is that the State like an individual, owns most of the North Carolina Railroad and that the State leased it to the Southern, and having done so it has no right now to say that it has made a bad bargain and seek to annul the contract.

Please bear in mind that the State did not make any contract with the Southern Railroad; the contract of the lease was made by the North Carolina Railroad Company. But it is true that the State stock was voted for the lease. The State can only act through agents. Now the State contends that its agents and the Southern were guilty of fraud in this transaction, that its agents acted negligently and wantonly in performing their trust, that they permitted themselves to be grossly imposed upon by misrepresentations and false pretenses of the Southern Railroad Company; that they made a contract which was void in law because it was not authorized by their principal, the State; that they exceeded the delegation of power intrusted to them by their principal, the State and made an alienation of its property without its authority. Now, all that the State asks is that it shall be permitted to make these allegations in its own courts and to join an issue with the Southern Railroad Company to be tried and determined just like any ordinary controversy between ordinary persons. This is all that the State is asking and this is just what the Southern Railroad Company is trying to prevent.

Now, will you please put yourself in the position of the State. Suppose yourself to be the owner of a piece of property and that you had delegated to an agent authority to manage it, but no authority to sell it; and that without your authority this agent does sell it and sells it secretly, and keeps off bidders and is guilty of questionable and apparently fraudulent conduct in making the sale and negligently suffers himself to be imposed upon by the

purchaser and conveys away your property for a grossly inadequate consideration. Will you please tell me where is the moral wrong in your coming into the courts of your country and seeking relief by rescinding the contract of your agent? This all that the State is asking—simply the poor privilege of suing for an alleged right. If the Southern Railroad Company is innocent and these allegations are not true, why does it try to avoid the issue and the trial in our own courts?

Why does it try to get the State in a Federal Equity Court where a jury trial is denied and where the Judges, with now and then an exception, are notoriously the partisans of plutocracy—a court which at the demand of imperial railroad power has actually committed the monumental outrage of enjoining railroads from cutting rates and thus denied to the people the benefit of competition among common carriers.

If the State's agents had the right to make the ninety-nine year lease, which is equivalent to a sale, then the courts will so decide and the title of the Southern will be perfected; but in order to avoid this issue and this trial, they seek to deprive us of the right even to pray for relief, and laugh at our calamities which they have wrought and mock at our misfortunes as from their bad eminence they look down upon the depleted form of a defrauded and prostrate State.

DANIEL L. RUSSELL.

CREAM OF THE PRESS.

Hard Hits, Bold Sayings and Patriotic Paragraphs From Reform Papers.

General Weyler's wife does up her hair the same as the general does up the Cubans—in paper.—American Enterprise.

Whenever a woman wants to put a letter or receipt where her husband will not find it she secretes it in the family Bible.—Grange Advocate.

Your duty to the Alliance demands part of your time and abilities towards the promulgation of its grand principles.—Pa. Alliance Farmer.

In the new tariff bill spunk is on the free list. We have our opinion of a man who is compelled to use imported "spunk."—Philadelphia Call.

The increased tariff on sugar will bring a "wave of prosperity" to the sugar trust, but how about the people who consume the sugar?—Tulare Valley Citizen.

The improvement of business is all in the newspapers. It is not apparent in the neighborhood where anybody resides, but always somewhere.—Midland Journal.

The fear of public opinion makes many a man do right. The fear of the press has saved the people many a dollar of tax money.—Cedartown Advance Courier.

An exchange remarks that the men who "don't have time to read newspapers" frequently find time to purchase gold bricks or green goods.—Pomona Herald.

It is a poor consolation to tell a retail merchant "there is plenty of money in the banks" while his customers have no money to buy goods.—Southern Mercury.

Down in Texas, if a man calling himself a populist is caught advocating fusion he is branded as a counterfeit and "sent back to the mints and released."—Lincoln (Va) Citizen.

Grover Cleveland is the only man in the world who has been able to accumulate millions fishing and hunting ducks. We believe he amassed most of this "catching suckers."—Saturday Critic.

Some doctors say that children should not be rocked in cradles, as it retards the growth of the brain. Some of our statesmen must have been rocked a great deal in their infancy.—Orange, Va., Observer.

That Chicago man who claims to have discovered a process of converting base metals into gold should experiment on the cheek of some of those protectionists who are insisting that American manufacturers need more protection.—Wilmington Star.

It is an outrageous crime against God and humanity, that in a land of plenty abounding with all the advantages of unlimited natural resources, there should be a man, woman or child who is compelled to live in poverty and wretchedness.—Chicago Express.

Lord Chatham said: "You cannot indict a whole nation." A very few moneyed men who believe the world is theirs because they have the most of the money in it, should remember the people are necessary to keep it running, and some day they may take a notion to all violate the law at the same time.—Ottawa Journal.

The region between the first and second cataracts of the Nile is the hottest test on the globe. It never rains there, and the natives do not believe foreigners who tell them that water can descend from the sky.